THE TICKLER.

BY TOBY SCRATCH'EM.

VOL II.——No. 20. Whole No. 72.

" Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one *worthy man* my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!"

POPE.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28, 1809.

TERMS OF THE TICKLER.

I. THE TICKLER shall be printed on a neat type and good paper, medium size, and delivered to subscribers residing within the city and suburbs on every Wednesday morning. Papers for subscribers residing at a distance, shall be forwarded according to the directions given.

II. Subscription——Four dollars per annum, payable quarterly, IN ADVANCE. Subscribers not residing within the city and suburbs pay half yearly, in advance. Single papers, twelve and an half cents.

III. Unless notice is given of an intention to discontinue, at the end of a quarterly, semi-annual, or annual subscription, the omission will be considered as a new engagement, and the papers forwarded accordingly.

Subscriptions received at the publication office, No. 131, South Front-street.

A REQUEST.

The person who lately borrowed a wheel-barrow, without asking permission to take it, from No. 187, Arch-street, is requested to appiy for the side boards: but if he is too *modest* or *independent* to ask a favor, he will please to return the wheel barrow to the proper owners, and by so doing prevent the exposure of his name.

FISHER & EVANS.

June 7.

District of Pennsylvania, *to wit:*

BE it remembered, That on the eleventh day of May, in the thirty-third year of the independence of the United States of America, A.D.1809, Benjamin Carr, of the said district, hath deposited in this office, the title of a book the right whereof he claims as proprietor in the words following, to wit:

'APPLICAZIONE ADDOLCITA, twelve airs and a ground with variations, or arranged as rondos in the different major & minor keys chiefly in use, with the fingering marked, and a small prelude to each, by Benjamin Carr. OP. 6. price 3 dollars.

'The certainty that there cannot be too great a number of pieces proper for pupils, is the inducement for the present addition to those already published; the following are not placed in any progressive order, farther than the regular increase of sharps and flats; the little preludes being all upon the same construction, may perhaps give some idea of transposition & variation. To amateurs who occasionally wish for some short pieces of the above kind, this work is also respectfully submitted.'

In conformity to the act of the congress of the United States, intituled, 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned.' And also to the act, entitled, 'An act supplementary to an act entitled, an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the time therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical and other prints.'

D. CALDWELL,
CLERK
of the District of Pennsylvaaia.

June 7.

PATENT

WALL COLOURING,

AND PAINTING

IN IMITATION OF PAPERING.

THE subscriber respectfully presents his thanks to to the public, for the general encouragement he has met with, in the above-mentioned new method of ornamenting walls instead of papering; and as a number of improvements have been made, some defects discovered and accordingly corrected, he flatters himself, that a repetition of his former advertisements, as also a statement of his improvements, will be acceptable to the citizens at large. The superior advantages attending this painting, in respect to durability, cost, and not being a harbor for insects, must be obvious to every unprejudiced observer. It is generally known, that paper cannot be made to last long on damp walls, whereas the painting when executed in water colors, will stand proof for a considerable time, without being injured by it. The roughness of walls is as effectually hid by the painting when figured, as by papering, and when become scaly by repeated white washing, the subscriber has them scraped and cleansed with appropriate instruments. Among the number of his improvements may be rated in the first instance, his greater facility and accuracy in copying the most difficult patterns from paper. He has also discovered a better method of preparing his colors for plain grounds on new walls, and old ones, exposed to damp. He has invented a machine for a scaffold to raise and lower and move about without coming down, practicable in all parts of a building, by which means he will be enabled to do his work nearly half as fast again. He will for the future be better aided by proper instructed assistants, so as to prevent disappointment, and also establish a better, and to the public more satisfactory regulation of his prices.

Specimens in oil and water colours, may be seen in all parts of the city and suburbs. Patterns already copied from paper, to be chosen at his dwelling, No. 108, north Seventh-street, where written directions will be duly attended to.

N. B. Two boys, from 14 to 18 years of age, and of good moral character, wanted as apprentices.

Augustus Uz.

May 10——tf

Harrowgate Revived.

JOSEPH CLAYPOOLE,

BEGS LEAVE to inform the public, that he has removed to *HARROWGATE*, within four miles of the city, on the Frankford road, (a place which for health and elegance is unrivalled;) he has provided the best liquors, and will use every exertion to give satisfaction to those who may favour him with their custom. The springs, so well known for their salutary properties, are in excellent order.

Small families or single persons can be accommodated with boarding & lodging.

BREAKFASTS,
DINNERS,
COFFEE AND RELISHES,
can be immediately furnished.

June 14

TURTLE SOUP.

THE PUBLIC ARE RESPECTFULLY INFORMED, that Turtle Soup will be ready from 4 until 10 P. M. on MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS & FRIDAYS, during the season, at the sign of Columbus, No. 110, north 2d street.

B. Roberts.

Printing.

Books, pamphlets, cards, handbills, and every species of printing, neatly and promptly executed, on reasonable terms, at the office of the Tickler.

Dr. Godbold's

Vegetable Balm of Life.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

The following certificate is published at the request of the under-mentioned *NOBILITY*, &c. who honoured the late Proprietor with their names, to prove the validity of his assertions and for the good of mankind.

Godbold's Vegetable Balm of Life,

So truly efficacious in the cure of Consumptions and Asthmas, ought not only to be held in high estimation, but its reputation ever preserved; for which purpose, in justice to Mr. Godbold, sole patentee of the Vegetable Balm of Life, (and as a tribute due to him for the many years study and infinite expence he has been at, in discovering and bringing to perfection a medicine of such utility and importance,) we do hereby certify and declare, that this medicine, the superior efficacy of which we have experienced in our own families and to whomsoever we have recommended it, is a sovereign remedy in Consumptions, Asthmas, Coughs, Colds, and Scorbutic complaints; we, therefore, recommend it as highly necessary to be kept in all families, and it is our earnest request that the afflicted may give it trial, being convinced of its certain success in those complaints.

Most noble the marquis of Lothian
Right hon. viscount Dudley and Ward
Right hon. lord Grantley
Right hon. lord Macdonald
Right hon. lord Fortescue
Right hon. lord Montfort
Right hon. viscountess Dudley and Ward
Right hon. lady dowager Grantley
Right hon. lady dowager Fortescue
Right hon. Mr. Shirley
Right hon. lady dowager viscountess Falmouth
Lady Appreece
Sir John Coghill, bart.
Sir Francis Blake, bart.
Sir Brook Bridges, bart.
Sir Edward Newenham, bart. M. P. for Dublin
Judge Barrington, ditto
Sir George Armstrong, bart.
Sir James Lake, bart.
General Drouly
Colonel Doyle, and
Colonel De Bath.

The proprietor had the honour to receive a letter from the right hon. earl of Stamford, wherein he says, 'I shall with pleasure give any person who might apply to me, my opinion of the good effects of your most valuable medicine.'

Attested certificates from the above noble persons, explaining the particulars of each cure effected, are wrapped round each bottle, together with other certificates too numerous to mention.

This medicine is sold by appointment of the proprietor, in bottles at one dollar each, by

W. LEHMAN, W. SMITH & SON,
South Second-street, 1st house above the Bank of Pennsylvania.
JOHN Y. BRYANT,
Corner of Pine & Second-streets.
JOHN HART,
South Second near Market-street.
BAZIN & CO.
No. 11, north Second-street.
SAMUEL WETHERILL & SON,
Front-street near Arch-street.
JOHN WETHERILL,
Corner of Arch and Front-streets.
STEPHEN NORTH,
No. 85, Market-street.
RICHARD HEIMBERGER,
No. 200, north 2d street.

And likewise by the proprietor himself,

Henry Ward,
Corner of Walnut and Eighth-streets.

At the same places may be had, Dr. Jebb's Nature's Restorative, and also, Dr. Tissot's Gout and Rheumatic Drops.

A liberal allowance will be made to those who purchase by the dozen.

NB. None are genuine without the signature of the proprietor as above.

May 3, 1809.

The Tickler.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 28.

The holy *work begun.*

We have occasionally noticed a little French jacobinic paper, published at Washington, *(Pa.)* ycleped '*The Reporter.*' It is remarkable for nothing, except the malevolent asperity it betrays towards any thing like an independent judiciary, and its enthusiastic devotion to every innovation attempted upon that rampart between popular delusion and impartial justice. This paper is frequently made the vehicle through which our *city lords*, who wish to rule the state, first usher to the astonished *men of the woods*, deeds either without a name or destitute of a political parent. That the following proposition for *altering* and *amending* (or more correctly speaking, *haltering* and *hamstringing*) our constitution, originated in this city, is no more a matter of doubt with us than we doubt the refulgence of the meredian sun. But our difficulties with England are happily accommodated, and the democratic editors are fully aware that their power to deceive and mislead the people ceases whenever the cause of complaint against England terminates ——something must be done, to engage the public attention——nothing so likely to amuse as the proposition for calling a state convention——it is done *at Washington*, and the dictators of the measure artfully screen themselves from the odium of being its originators.

Amendment of the Constitution.

We have been surprised at, and regret the silence of the republican party, on this subject, since the late election. Reform was once the darling object of republicans. Why is it abandoned? Are they frightened by the declamation and clamor of the unprincipled & designing? The state is 'born again'——the people understand the question of reform, and it only requires that the subject should be broached, to meet their hearty concurrence. In the Baltimore Whig of the 1st inst. we perceive a glance at the 'affairs of Pennsylvania.' The editor of that paper seems to think that governor Snyder & secretary Boileau alone possess the power of calling of a convention. Neither Mr. Snyder or Mr. Boileau can do any thing in their official capacities in the business. They may express an opinion on the subject, as private individuals, and no doubt have done so. If Mr. Snyder or Mr. Boileau had become inimical to measures of reform, none would sooner condemn their apostacy than ourselves; but we are confident they have not, and we think it unfair to condemn them for the shameful inactivity of the rest of the republican party.

FOR THE TICKLER.

....

Mr. Secretary Billew's French ancestors.

'Yes, Mr. Speaker, the cursed iron hand of *tyranny banished* MY ANCESTORS from their native country of FRANCE, to seek an asylum in this land of *liberty*.'

[*See Hamilton's report of the trial and acquittal of the Judges—page* 319.

Thus spake *Nathan B. Billew, alias dictus Boileau*, in the year eighteen hundred & five; when, in the genuine spirit of jacobinism, this *soi-disant* descendant from French ancestors, was labouring to *demolish* the laws and government of his native state, in the face of that oath, which, in his legislative capacity, he had then recently taken, to support the constitutions of his country.

It is admitted to be possible, that this Mr. Billew, which is his genuine name, may be a Frenchman by descent, as well as in his politics; and, if he can derive any gratification from supposing himself to be of French extraction, he is heartily welcome to all the *honor* which the belief, or the imputation of such an origin can confer upon him: For ourselves, we envy him not the *dignity!*

But, we are inclined to think, our dignified Snyderitish secretary has led the world into a *mistake* respecting his origin; and, as he is now a *great* man—the Pennsylvania *Canning!*—it has become a matter of importance, that the country which really gave birth to the ancestors of this celebrated statesman should not be deprived of the *lustre* which would be now cast upon it, by the transcendent talents of the offspring. If France be that country, in the name of common sense, let Frenchmen claim him. But if *Ireland* (with which he appears to be somewhat ashamed to claim kindred) be, in reality the soil from which the progenitors of our hero sprung, and this we sincerely believe to be the fact, then let honest Ireland have her own. Which of the two countries is best entitled to claim this *wonderful* man's ancestry, tho' we imagine the claim will never be very warmly disputed by either of the two; the following historical facts, may perhaps, enable the reader to determine.

During that period of the reign of the bigotted tyrant James II. in which the most arbitrary measures of government were enforced within his dominions, and while the most cruel religious persecution was carried on by that prince against his protestant subjects, that is to say, in the year 1686; an Irish catholic gentleman, of the name of *John Bellew, of Bellew's-town*, was raised by James to the peerage of Ireland, by the title of lord Bellew of Duleeke, in the county of Meath. At the famous battle of Aghrim, in July 1692, this newly-made lord, then a colonel of the foot, was mortally wounded, fighting for his tyrannical master. His adherence to that infatuated prince, occasioned the outlawry of the deceased lord's father, for he himself left no children, and of his brother Richard, who succeeded him: but the outlawry was afterwards reversed, and Richard, who died at Rome without issue, had a pension of 300 pounds a year settled on him by queen Anne, which was continued by king George I. The title is long since extinct. This baron Bellew's family had been settled, many centuries, in the British isles. They pretended that their ancestors, like those of a great many British and Irish families, came into England with the Norman invader: but, let this have been as it may, the Bellew's, or Billew's, for so the name was also written, had been then so very long established in Ireland, as to be completly grafted upon the *Irish stock*, and to be considered as legitimate and true-blooded Irishmen.

The Bellew's, in the time of James II. were of the prevalent religion of Ireland, the catholic: and many of them in very humble stations of life. Their poverty, was however, no disgrace to them, and had they been *good* catholics, their religious creed would never, with *us*, be a subject of the least censure; for thousands of excellent members of society and sincere christians, as well in Ireland as in this country, and many others, belong to the catholic church. But these *Bellews* were infuriated bigots, devoted to the tyrannical measures of the ill-fated monarch, whose cause they espoused; one of them named *Patrick*, was knighted by James shortly before his expulsion from the throne.

In the list of the *Irish* house of commons, which sat at Dublin in May 1689, summoned by the writs of the *then abdicated* king James, we find also one *Roger Bellew*, a member for the county of Loroth, associated in that mock parliament, with Hugh O'Rourk, Thady Meagher, Donough M'Gillicuddy, Phil. Oge O'Brian, Murtagh M'Ginnis, Terence Coglan, Pat. Sarsfield, Roger Carrell, and a numerous clan of the O'Neil's, M'Carthy's, &c. men, whose 'very names,' as an eminent annalist of that period observes, 'are sufficient indications of their being of *that* stock of the Irish, out of which was produced the horrible massacre and rebellion of 1641.'——'These men' meaning the parliament of which they were members, 'did king James get together,' says the same author, 'to establish *slavery* in that kingdom, Ireland; and, with the help of the *French*, to do the same in Great Britain afterwards.'

Besides the Bellews already mentioned, we find a *Thomas Bellew*, as one of James's deputy lieutenants of Ireland, for the county of Meath, in pretty much the same company, too, as the gentry we have named.

According to the writer just quoted, the celebrated Dr. King, archbishop of Dublin, 'there is no need to observe, that a parliament, chosen by the influence of such men, must be prepared for any wicked work. The *names* of them discover they were *native Irishmen*, and the English who knew them have informed me, that they were generally *ordinary fellows*.'

Having repeatedly met with the name of *Bellew* or *Billew*, at this eventful epoch of the Irish history, and finding its bearers uniformly on the side of tyranny and persecution, we have assiduously sought for the assumed name of *Boileau* among the Irish ancestors of the American *Canning*, as the Pennsylvania secretary has been sometimes waggishly called, in order to discover whether any who bore this *new* and Frenchified name, were to be found among the assertors of the freedom of Ireland: But, alas! in this investigation, our research has proven fruitless. We do find, indeed, a '*Monsieur* Boileau, in Ireland, at the period of which we have been speaking: But he was a French general, whom king James brought thither, with the infamous *Marshal Rosen*, to cut the throats of his protestant subjects, and to *enslave* that kingdom.

This mercenary tool of a despot——for, as Dr. King observes, James 'was bent upon enslaving ALL his subjects, Catholics as well as Protestants,'——this *worthless Frenchman*, '*Mons. Boileau*,' was appointed governor of the city of Cork, by his French-pensioned master, king James. *This gentleman*, we presume, is not *that* 'ancester' of the American Canning, who *fled from France*, to escape the *persecutions* inflicted on the *Huguenots* of that kingdom, by the merciless and insatiable tyrant LOUIS XIV!

After all Mr. N. B. BILLEW's vapouring about his *French extraction*—for we will not deny that his principles are truly French; after his rodomontade about his '*ancestors*' flying from the dragooning tyranny of France; and in spite of that ingenius device to Frenchify himself the more effectually——his recent assumption of a French name,* in lieu of his *real* and *paternal* one—these things, we are still inclined to believe he must content himself with tracing his descent from some of the *Irish* BILLEW'S, either plebian or patrician, of whom we have here given a very concise account. He need not be *ashamed*, as we shrewdly suspect he is, of acknowleding his HIBERNIAN origin; for although unfortunate in too many of her sons, no country has produced greater or worthier men than Ireland: And it may be some consolation to this secretary of a most *dignified & enlightened* governor, to have a pretence for presuming, that although he has no *French blood* in his veins, he may possibly be descended from the patrician stock of the Irish Bellews——the new fangled name of BOILEAU, and the destitution of every trait of nobleness in his own character, to the contrary notwithstanding. Let his 'Irish ancestors,' however, have been ever so obscure, and such we believe they were, provided they were *honest*,——we will undertake to assure his secretaryship, it would redound more to his *honour*, frankly to confess his connexion with their country; than to set up a vain & silly pretension to any sort of consanguinity with the cut throat infidels of modern France.

HIBERNICO-AMERICANUS.

* When this redoubtable secretary went to that 'school,' which he talks of in his speech, he was known by the good old Irish name of Billew, and no other.——This was his father's name, as well as his *own* long after he left school. He took his degree of batchelor of arts, at Princeton, by the name of Nathaniel B. Billew; and *thus* have the trustees of that institution published his name. At *that* time, it seems, he did not scorn his Irish extraction, which he now wishes to conceal.

The following extract is from the works of M. De La Bruyere. London edition, 1776, vol. 2, p. 67.

'Some men are so fond of names, they give themselves three rather than fail; one may be called their town, another their country, and the third their office, name. Others are content with a name of two syllables, ennobling it with *du* or *de*, to give it a sound of dignity, upon any improvement of circumstances: others by suppressing a syllable, make that name illustrious which was before vulgar. Many suppress their whole names, though far from ignominous, adopting others of a fuller sound; and what they got by this is a disgraceful comparison with the great men from whom these names are borrowed. In short, there are some who, though born within the walls of Paris, will feign themselves to be Flemish or Italian, as if every country had not its beggars, lengthening their names with a foreign termination, as if a name were much the better for being far-fetched.'

APPLICATION.

Nathaniel B. Billew, *(now secretary of state under the King of Ignorance) was educated at Princeton college, New-Jersey, where he found out that among the French poets, was one of the name of* BOILEAU, *celebrated for his talents, wit, &c. Now our Natty's father was a plain, stupid, blundering, old odd kind of an Irishman, and himself a young* gentleman! *with just discernment enough to discover that his father's name was derived from a compound epithet, denoting what we understand in this city by a* row, *to wit: hilla-*billew.

It may be contended that he displayed some *taste in assuming the name of so excellent and elegant a scholar as* Boileau—*but what can be said for his* judgment, *in suppressing his real name, so indicative of his own conduct, in creating and promoting noise & disturbance.---It is a very common remark, even among the vulgar, that so and so is my name, and I am not ashamed of it. But by sentiments of* honest *pride, we believe Mr. Billew is not at present actuated.*

A. S. T.

His 'Tannic majesty and his officers, put us in mind of one of Dr. Franklin's similies—He compared our government to a *team*—the House of Representatives to the horses, drawing in front, while the Senate acted as a *lock chain*, hitched behind, to prevent the *waggon* of state from running too quick *down hill*.

With some variation, this comparison may be applied to the present democratic administration of Pennsylvania. Simon our king *Log*, is hoisted upon the state team—Findley, Johnny Cochran and Porter, are the cattle hitched before, to pull forward, while poor *BILLEW* seems disposed to perform the part of the lock-chain, restraining the too rapid progress of the down hill course of the ill trained beasts that draw. The lookers-on remark, that the fore horse, *Findley*, is a wild, stubborn, mulish, unbroken leader, full of mad fits, starts & kick-ups: while the shaft beast Johnny, has always been considered, even by his own connexions, as a stubborn, untameable blunderer——as an animal that has an unalterable propensity to *take the straid*, at every object which he cannot, by reason of his bad vision, clearly perceive. Porter, the other creature, being chained between these

two Canada scrubs, goes on; but is dragged through the mire and plunged into every mud-hole they meet with. *Billew* re-acts, to be sure, as much as so insufficient a lock-chain can do, against the violent and irregular draught of three such half tamed beast. Nevertheless, King Log *runs down hill very fast:* And who in the name of wonder, can expect any better than the *destruction of the team*, together with its *loading*, when the whole is under the *heavy* '*Press*' of their jacobin driver, *Binns*.

One day, a taylor presented Henry IV. with a book on Politics: whereupon the king turning to the Chancellor, said—'*cut me out a suit of cloaths*——here's a taylor who understands *your* trade, and tells me how I shall govern my kingdom.'

Mr. Scratch'em,

As you have published sundry pieces in your entertaining paper, respecting *modest Jothiah*, which may prevent him from getting a wife, I would advise him to pay particular attention to a little chambermaid, about six feet high, who lives next door but one to his office in Chesnut-street.

LISP.

NB. I do not doubt, but what *this lady* would have him, as she is blessed with as much *modesty* as Jothiah himself.

FOR THE TICKLER.

UNCLE CORNEY.

NO. III.

I presume I need not inform the reader that my uncle Corney was a federalist—that the unlucky paper presented by Tam was the 'Democratic Press.' My uncle's contempt for it and the editor was something like natural antipathy, though he always declared it to be the deliberate result of his judgment. But, be as it may, the principles of uncle Corney were strictly federal——this considered, we are not surprised he should be averse to an article so obnoxious. Such is the force of habit, said my father to uncle Corney, with whom he was always politically at variance—I'll venture to bet, said my father, that you have never seen this same editor—and as you have never seen or conversed with him, as he has never injured, insulted nor cheated you, with what propriety, brother, do you then denounce him as though you had experienced all the villainy you impute to him; for my own part, continued my father, I know him & more than this——(which he spoke with a triumphant air and a furious motion of his hand) I knew him, brother Corney, as a man of *talents and virtue*. 'Talents & virtue,' echoed my uncle——and can you, brother——Zounds! said my uncle, in a kind of stentorian voice, that made Tam's hair attempt the perpendiuular—what in the name of——well, have your own way, brother; but let me tell you, I'll have mine. The last three words my uncle repeated three times and in three different tones, to serve the purposes of argument: for my uncle Corney, though possessing the most excellent disposition, was notwithstanding of such mettle, that when logically opposed, that is, by the cool and deliberate arrangement of ideas, and those ideas calmly transmitted through the medium of words to the tympanum of the ear——I say it never failed to disqualify him from argument—yet to say the truth, and in direct opposition to the opinion of some philosophizing grammarians, my uncle Corney's ideas were clear and systematic. The opinion of the learned gentry is—'that obscure and feeble language is the result of obscure & feeble thought'——this doctrine they confidently advance in a general sense, whereby two thirds of mankind are basely libeled for fools——but I know a gentleman, who, to speak poetically,

'Sucks in learning like a leech sucks blood,'

and can conjugate Greek & Latin verbs as fast as the motion of a fidler's elbow. Now we cannot with any purity of reasoning, on the above principle: say that this gentleman's thoughts are obscure & weak—yet, unfortunately they are so. On the other hand, my uncle Corney has no advantage from the *hoec hoc*, &c. but my uncle Corney's ideas are as clear as the limpid stream of——pshaw! I mean, that uncle Corney can talk at any time, at all times, and every time*---with those on the same side of the question; and is never more eloquent, than when interrupted with the O yes!----to be sure! Undoubtedly, &c.

For proof——

I beg leave to adduce an instance wherein my uncle Corney excelled himself & overleaping the bounds between the moderns & ancients, he absolutely steps with a monstrous stride over every thing between himself and Demosthenes---and fell plump into the big chair of the forum.——

'Twas on a fine afternoon when the sun shone resplendant in the blue arch of heaven, that my uncle Corney, Tam and myself, were walking through the streets, enjoying the tranquility of nature, surrounded by the busy bustling scenes of active life——Nature herself was calm and serene, and disposed the mind of the admiring spectators to meditation, whilst the activity displayed on all sides by the rumbling sound of drays—the trampling of horses and the cracking of whips awakened the attention, and interrupted the frequent reveries of the soul. But my uncle Corney, whose silence indicated the abstraction of his earthly nature; except that he moved his legs in this, might have been bodily transported to some other globe, was too much absorbed for the observation of trifles. An incident, however, of that nature which never failed to interest him, whether luckily or unluckily, I scarcely know which, was occasioned by meeting with an old newsmonger, fresh from the coffee-house; who unbidden, so stuffed my uncle's head with accounts of bloody battles, Madrid, Saragossa, Sir John Moore & the British army—that—— —— —— O! reader, assist me with the whole force of thy imagination to describe the situation of my poor oppressed and disappointed uncle Corney! Alas! my father, hadst thou been there, thou wouldst have gladly sought shelter from the frowning, dumb shew, expressive eloquence of thy brother. Alternately did he bite his lips, screw his mouth, frequently did he quickly step, and bluntly stop; often did he clench his fist, then spread his hand, as if wrapt in the sublimity of the sublime——detailing the difficulties, the dangers, the marches & countermarches of the unsuccessful patriots——

* * * * * * * * * * *

Tam's fears for the safety of his master, got the better of his discretion and running up to him, for my uncle was so much engrossed in deep thought that he lagged a considerable distance behind, Tam enquired what was the matter, and thus (unluckily, I am sure) turned his mute arguments into vocal declamation.

Matter enough to be sure Tam, said my uncle Corney hastily——Tam looked vacant, with an I-I-ch. The Spaniards are all defeated, vociferated my uncle Corney, sawing the air with his right hand. yes, continued my uncle, Bonaparte and his pack of villains with him, the greatest villain to command them, have entered Madrid—Tam looked wild, I conjectured, or I saw, a tear in one corner of his eye, for indeed he was as much affected as my uncle Corney—Madrid? Aye, Madrid, repeated my uncle, they have killed and murdered the poor Spaniards most unmercifully. As my uncle repeated this last sentence, I could not help thinking that his partiality had more share in forming it, than his humanity, in which opinion I was immediately confirmed by his looks and gestures, as I mentioned the immense slaughter of the French troops; a mere cool, no doubt, was the very height of his surprise!

Uncle Corney was upon the whole a very clever kind of a man. I beg your pardon, Mr. Reader, pray do let my uncle Corney and his faithful Tam return home as well as they can, whilst I entertain thee with a peep at his profile. I say my uncle Corney was a very clever kind of a man, and universally respected in his neighbourhood for the generous quality of his heart. In philosophy my uncle Corney was a perfect Plato; in morality, none inferior to Aristides. He was as generous as he was just, and though he had not the advantage of a classical education, yet he knew well and frequently advanced as his opinion, that learning was not requisite to induce sensibility. The virtuous poor ever found in my uncle a warm and constant friend. The vicious an avowed, but a charitable enemy; for his humanity, which predominated over every other feeling, led him frequently to break a rule which he often repeated, that honest poverty, not low penurious vice, were objects of his charity. I remember once a poor drunken fellow stumbled at his door with such violence, that my uncle was near being overthrown as he sat reclining his head on the back of the big parlor chair—my uncle was in one of those musing moods to which he is much accustomed, but what were his meditations I really cannot say; however, when recovered from the jar sufficient to erect himself and behold the wretch sprawling before him, he kindly stooped down, and raised him from the horizontal to the perpendicular—nay, tell me reader, would'st thou have done the same? But my uncle Corney did more, he walked behind the tottering bacchanalian, assisted him into the house, preached him into soberness, and dismissed him with the best advice, because most cogent and effectual, viz. a gratuity from his purse.

Such was the benevolence of my uncle, the many instances of which rendered him illustrious, nay absolutely irresistable in the eyes of all his neighbours.

By this time my uncle and Tam have certainly got home, and I beg leave to introduce the reader to the next number, where I can safely promise a treat or two of the sublime.

More strange than true.

We have seen in a late London paper, an article really curious, entitled, 'More Gluttony,' in which the feats of devouring cats, rats, hair and all, is very pathetically described. Some people here seem to disbelieve these honourable feats——I do not——for at a late meeting of certain political fishermen, a Schneiderite biscuit baker as big as a pipe of gin, devoured a half bushel basket full of lettice, sweet oil and all, and to finish the feast, a gigantic one-eyed son of the brush, amused himself with eating Bristol double flint bottles, only using the precaution of washing them down with brown stout and picking his teeth with a boat hook.

Report says, that the *great lawyer Blair* has given notice to Josiah Tittyboy, that he will apply to the Supreme court at the next term, for a writ of *Quo Warranto* to be issued to him, to show by what authority he holds the office of clerk of the Mayor's court. The grounds on which Mr. Blair contends, that the office cannot legally and constitutionaily be held by Tittyboy, are:

First——Because he was born a British subject & has never been naturalized; therefore he is still a subject of the King of the United kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, and not a citizen of the United States, the naturalization of his *honest* papa, to the contrary notwithstanding.

Second——Because Tittyboy is not twenty-one years of age; therefore, even if he were a citizen, he is disqualified on that account from holding any office.

In consequence of this notice, Tittyboy is said to have applied to his friend and brother-officer John Blanket Leib to assist him in his defence, and Mr. Lisp has consented to volunteer his services to Mr. Blair in the prosecution.

With such *splendid* talents on both sides, it is expected the arguments will be very luminous.

FOR THE TICKLER.

One evening, 'twas love bid me haste to the fair,
On the wings of affection I flew,
For I fear'd I should not meet my dear Cynthia there,
To bid her a good night's adieu.

My heart was still fill'd with affectionate love,
And the pleasure of meeting I drew,
And I swore as I went, that I ever would prove
To the fair one, still loving and true.

My Cynthia was home, I accosted the maid,
And with pleasure my theme did renew,
The dictates of my passion I fondly pourtray'd,
Till 'twas time for a good night's adieu.

Though I lov'd the sweet maid with such pure delight,
And she knew I expected the bliss,
As I bid her alone, with reluctance good night,
From her lips to receive the fond kiss.

Yet she bid me good night with such proud careless air,
That I swore I'd no longer pursue
Such an adverse coquet, let her be e'er so fair,
So I bid her and love an adieu.

ALEXIS.

☞ *To Correspondents.——The communication signed W. F. M. respecting a certain house in Strawberry street, (in which ISAAC R. MARSHALL & ENOCH WHEELER are materially concerned) shall make a conspicuous appearance in our next.*

Education.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public, and his friends in particular, that he has opened a

Boarding School,

OPPOSITE THE TWO MILE STONE, ON THE RIDGE ROAD,

WHERE IS TAUGHT,

Reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, mathematics, &c. and solicits the encouragement of a generous public, which he will endeavour to merit by his attention.

J. Rolph.

Terms of boarding and tuition, 100 dollars per annum, payable quarterly.

June 28.

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* These expressions sound so much like the democratic 'long pull, strong pull and pull altogether,' that we presume the author has new modelled the head piece of the Aurora-man's electioneering bulletins.

FOR THE TICKLER.

Mr. Scratch'em,

During the absence of your amorous divine, who you say has changed his position, as Duane and Binns have since done, suppose you were to introduce to your readers another clerical Merry Andrew about this city, who has not yet made his appearance in print, though he has been *hauled over the coals* for his libidinous conduct with the crooked rib of a very industrious and meritorious navigator, whilst absent on a voyage to India.

Let this couple dance the *Hays* till you get another to join in a *rigadoon*, which I think may happen before the moon changes: but certainly before Lammass.

ENTRE NOUS.

FOR THE TICKLER.

A suit was brought a few days ago before Alderman Shoemaker for the recovery of a debt of 7 dollars, against Philip Kearney, the democratic negro whose trial for an assault and battery, committed when he was pasting up the bills for the democratic town meeting last winter, was reported in the 1st vol. case 9, of Scratch'em's law reports. The plaintiff called one respectable witness, who proved that Kearney had in his presence acknowledged the debt and promised payment, and that no other person was present at the time the promise was made, but the plaintiff, the defendant, and himself. The alderman entered judgment for the plaintiff, and defendant entered bail for the stay of execution 3 months. Kearney afterwards stated the case to his friend Binns, who upon learning that the plaintiff was an anti-Snyderite democrat, thought it his duty to the king of ignorance to devise ways and means to cheat the plaintiff out of his debt, and for this pursose recommended Kearney to call on his dear friend lawyer Notquiteblack, which he did. Notquiteblack waited on Binns, and after a short consultation, away went these two white (or rather *brown*) democrats and the black one, to the alderman's office together. Notquiteblack said he had called to enter an appeal on the part of the defendant, to the court of common pleas. Binns said he was a material witness for the defendant, and could prove that he owed the plaintiff no more than two dollars due (though he never was privy to any of the transactions and dealings between the parties) and he agreed to enter bail for the appeal and Notquiteblack to act as his counsel without any fee or compensation, all out of pure love for *their democratic fellow citizen of colour*, or rather perhaps out of pure spite to the plaintiff, because he would not fall down and worship the wooden image which Binns himself had set up.

From the New-Jersey Telescope.

Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
And totter on in business to the last;
As weak, as earnest, &c.

POPE.

President Adams.

This gentleman, it appears, is amusing his former revilers and persecutors, much to their satisfaction, but little to his honour. A new paper has recently been established in Boston, under the auspices of the *royal family*, apparently for the purpose of assisting the Hon. John Q. in his endeavours to catch public popularity, and by that means grasp public employment. With this *laudable* & *praise-worthy* motive in view, the old president has taken up the cudgels, and accordingly, twice a week, appears before the public in the Boston Patriot, abusing his former supporters and friends, and cringing in the most abject and disgraceful manner to the democratic party. Who could have imagined that this venerable old man, who had been loaded with the vilest & most opprobrious epithets that democrats could invent, would ever so far forget his own dignity, as to become the champion of their cause, and submit to the servile drudgery of writing for a democratic print? But what will not the lust of popularity effect, and the desire of revenge inspire? The unwelcome truth stares us in the face, and we are compelled to acknowledge the mutability of all sublunary things, in the total subversion of faculties, once highly eminent and useful. But had Mr. Adams been satisfied with merely supporting his new friends, and not have entered the mansions of the dead, to wreak his vengeance on the dust of one whose memory is deservedly dear to the heart of every patriotic American, he would have been suffered to 'pass away,' 'as the idle wind,' and the weakness of declining years would have received the pity of his former friends. The garrulous effusions of 'narrative old age,' whose ruling passions are generally more ardent as the fountain of life becomes exhausted, would not have attracted the notice of any but those in whose service he has volunteered the remnant of his days, had he not assailed, in the most indecent and unbecoming manner, the motives and views of men with whom he once acted, and who are now numbered with the dead. Hamilton, Ames & others, whose services will be remembered with gratitude while memory holds her seat in this distracted globe, are held up by Mr. Adams, in the fulness of his zeal for the cause in which he has embarked so late in life, as fit objects on which to cast the odium of his unpopular measures. Gen. Hamilton in particular, whom Mr. Adams conceives to have done him an injury some eight or nine years ago, comes in for an extensive share of the vengeance of this irascible old man. This injury, however, he thought it wise to brook at the time—& accordingly suffered it to go unredressed, until the object of his resentment was consigned to the narrow tomb: then it was, that he ventured forth in the plenitude of his *patriotism*, to assail the departed hero. He has torn open the tomb, and exposed the sacred dust to the scoffs and tauntings of his most inveterate foes. He has *magnanimously* commenced an attack on the dead, and 'that vanity which keeps every man important,' leads him to imagine that he triumphs, while, in fact, he is receiving the scorn and contempt of the virtuous. If Mr. A.'s political wounds were of a nature to cause such deep mortification, why were they suffered to fester and corode, until death had arrested the object of his animosity?—Why did he not come forward at the time, and endeavor to make his defence, in the face of his country? For, in the face of his country, be it remembered, was the general's accusation preferred. His failing to do so then, stamps his present conduct with the appearance of *revenge*, and the wish to engross the popular ear at the expence of truth and justice; inasmuch as his antagonist is precluded from the benefit of a reply—the shafts of his malice will, however, fall blunted at the shrine of Hamilton, while the grave of that illustrious man will bloom with never failing verdure. The services he has rendered to his country, both in the cabinet & the field, have erected a monument to his memory, durable as the rocks and immoveable as the hills.

'If these fail,
'The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
'And earth's base built on stubble.'

Z.

A Grammatical Question.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Said Anna's preceptor, 'a kiss is a noun,
'But tell me if *proper* or *common*,' he cried.
With cheeks of vermillion, & eye lids cast down,
''Tis both *common* & *proper*,' his pupil replied.

The Bacchanalian Rivals.

Two Actors, who jovially bow to the shrine
Of the God who presides o'er the fruit of the vine,
In order the bill most attractive to make,
Disputed what plays they should mutually take:
Till at length, surely tippling gives exquisite pleasure,
They sat down and agreed to take *Measure for Measure*.

The Sensible Fool.

Alphonso, king of Naples, had in his court a fool, who used to write down in a book, all the follies of the great men in his time that were at court. The king having a Moor in his household, sent him to the Levant to buy horses, with ten thousand ducats; this the fool marked in his book as a pure piece of folly. Some time after, the king called for the book, and seeing his own name, with the story of the ten thousand ducats. He being somewhat moved, asked the reason why his name was there? Because, says the jester, you have committed a piece of folly, to give your money to one you are never like to see again. But, if he does come again, says the king and bring me the horses, what folly is that in me? Why if ever he does come again, replied the fool, I'll blot out your name, and put in his.

IMITATION.

LOVE LIKENED TO A BEE.

From Tasso's Aminta.

Soho, little Bee!—but, tho' smaller, thy sting
Made Margaret cry, and the neighbourhood ring.
But Love is so sly with his torch and his gin,
There's nothing too secret for him to get in:
The dint of the cheek; or alight on the arms;
Or sit on the breast, and there breathe out his charms;
He leers in the eye, and no soul can tell how
He'll *lie* on the tongue, or lurk under the brow;
Suffuses the face o'er with blushes and smiles,
And wilders the soul in his amorous wiles.
Ah, rueful, indeed! tho' Love pierces thy heart,
He ne'er will assist thee to draw out the dart.

WILL-WITH-A-WISP.

From the Marietta (O.) Commentator.

QUIDNUNC VISOR, son of Anthony Visor, & others—no criticism, fair reader, there are many such sons in the world. This is my name, and my lineage with the given clue you can trace as well as I can—has had a week's contest with father Anthony & others, whether this same Quidnunc should be permitted to publish his *Lunabrations*. 'O,' said father Anthony, 'that sons knew---that sons would consider the fond affection and anxious solicitude of a father! They would not then be perpetually soliciting indulgence in those practices, which too often foster the pride and vanity of our natures. My Quidnunc---dear lunatic! deluded by the duskiness of night, has become elated with the moon-calf splendour of his own production, and would fain exhibit the thing to a world illumined by the broad blaze of wisdom. A faint taper in the splendor of the meridian sun---Weak child---Go forth for this once, inflated with vanity as thou art, puffing the sickening rays of thy moon-lighted torch in the face of a whole community---disgrace thyself and thy betters---and then return, as thou wilt, covered with the sackcloth of blackguardism, and chant thy ditties to thy wan mother.'

Having obtained the consent of father Anthony and others, Quidnunc? Sir; I must take my own time in anti-prefacing, prefacing, postprefacing, (with other incidental remarks by way of inuendo) leisurely, without regarding Tempora or Mores, should they set up their *alatrarition*. Quidnunc! laboured an hour and three quarters to bring that word forth---didn't know what to call it after he had fairly got it into the white sheet——Mouthed it——Had you seen him, you would have supposed that he was endeavoring to pronounce *Tshus-day, fre-djuce, djue, tshurn, & tshune*, all at one mouthful.—Query, by way of inuendo however, (would it not be a good regulation, that every person guilty of saying *tshu*, at least nine sylables previously to arriving at the one containing the letter *u*, should be arrested by the constables and conveyed immediately before a tribunal of Ladies, then and there to be punished with not exceeding 5 handkerchief-smoothered or fan-screened snickers, at the discretion of the Ladies, as the case may be?) I shall leave it for the learned public to accent the word as they please; and now take my leave of it, by recommending *alatrarition* to Noah Webster, esq. to be inserted in the next edition of his vocabulary, as a great acquisition to the English *Tung*.

THE WELCH TRAVELLER.

A Welchman coming late into an inn,
Did ask the maid what meat there was within.
Two cow-heels, quoth she, and a breast of mutton:
But, said the Welchman, troth hur is no glutton;
Either of both shall serve—to-night the breast,
The heels i' th' morning; for light meats are best.
At night he took the breast, but did not pay,
I' th' morn, he took his heels and ran away.

A PUN.

'Can you tell me,' said John to Pat, 'who's so rude,
As to heave that there biscuit that hit on my head.'
'Oh! yes sir,' said Pat, 'but I'm not in the mood:
Tho' I agree with you here, that 'twas rather *ill-bread*.'

In imitation of the German.

THE SUICIDE.

Oh! youth, from what I now relate,
While gentle tears bedew your eyes,
Lament the lover's hapless fate,
And learn what woes from love arise.

A youth of exemplary worth,
The comfort of his aged sire,
Whose virtues, early shining forth,
The fairest hopes might well inspire.

By beauty's potent charms subdu'd,
For *Chloe* felt a tender pain;
Her equal love with ardor sued,
And found his fond entreaties vain.

While at her feet he pleads his flame,
The cruel *Chloe* bids him fly:
Yes! cried he, yes, insulting dame!
You never more shall hear me sigh.

Then on his sword his hand he lays,
While wild despair his gestures breathe,
Draws it—the deadly point surveys,
And thrusts it——*back into its sheath*.

EPITAPH ON A SCOLD.

Here lies a woman, no one can deny it,
That rests in peace, although she liv'd unquiet:
Her husband begs, if by her grave you walk,
You'll gently tread: for if she wake, she'll talk.

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